

SPORTS

Winning formula

Ratings made playoffs possible.

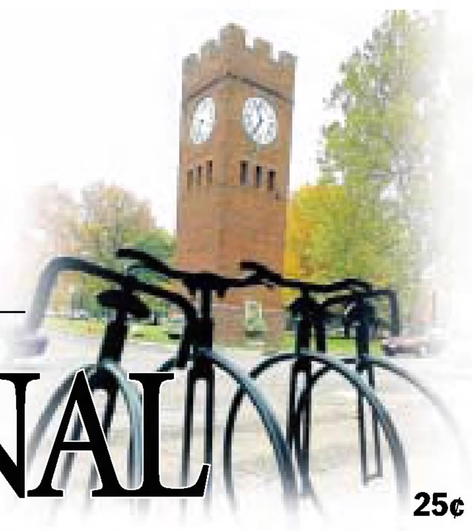
C1

YOUR BUSINESS

Shopping in Hudson

Put it on your Christmas list.

D1



© Copyright 2002 Beacon Journal Publishing Co.

AKRON BEACON JOURNAL

25¢
Outlying Areas 35¢
Home Delivery 800-777-2442

MONDAY, November 11, 2002 A B C

News Online www.ohio.com

Man killed in standoff at UA



Thomas John Tremko Jr. was killed in a standoff Sunday.

47-year-old barricades himself in physical facilities center; police use tear gas on suspect, who aims handgun at them

By Andrea Misko
Beacon Journal staff writer

He was a man of few words, a loner who liked big knives and big guns.

Still, the family of Thomas John Tremko Jr. said news that he barricaded himself in a restroom for 10 hours in the basement of a University of Akron building this weekend – the whole time, never talking to police officers – is difficult to accept.

Even more difficult for them to comprehend is that Tremko, 47, is now dead.

Tremko was shot and killed by police early Sunday when he came out of the restroom, forced out by tear gas, wielding a .45-caliber semiautomatic handgun.

Police say they are uncertain of Tremko's motive.

But Tremko's mother, Rosella Tremko, is certain her son was distraught about being separated from his wife and two daughters, who live in the area.

"He wanted to go back to his wife and daughters," Rosella Tremko said Sunday from her home in Johnstown, Pa., where her son had lived for the last year and a half. "He was suffering . . . punishing himself. He couldn't figure out why she didn't want him. That's what was wrong."

Marjorie Tremko, from whom police said Tremko was separated and possibly divorced, could not be reached for comment Sunday.

Rosella Tremko said she last saw her son Friday walking into downtown Johnstown. The day before, he had hugged his mother, as if to say goodbye, she said. But he never said goodbye.

Around 8 p.m. Saturday, a UA janitor alerted campus police after seeing Tremko walking around the basement of the Physical Facilities Operations Center, 146 Hill St., with a machete sticking out of his backpack.

Please see **Tremko, A14**

A daughter shares her hero's WWII story

A father's Guadalcanal diary





MIKE CARDEW/Akron Beacon Journal

A photo of Pvt. Donald B. Study, his Guadalcanal patch and medals rest on his journal. Above left, Study poses circa 1943 in his dress blues with the patch on his shoulder.

Marine relates Pacific battle trials, strain

This bombing is really getting on my nerves.
Pvt. Donald B. Study,
U.S. Marine Corps,
Guadalcanal Island,
Aug. 29, 1942

By Kimberly Drezdzon
Beacon Journal staff writer

Pvt. Study was 21 when he wrote these words. He was 21 when he made history as part of the United States' first offensive strike of World War II. Twenty-one when he landed on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands and helped to start a "battle" that lasted six months, ending in a crucial victory for the Allied forces in the Pacific.

This former draftsman for International Harvester Co. fought the enemy, mosquitoes, heat, rain and malaria. He survived and eventually came home. He married and had two children.

People say he was part of the Greatest Generation. To me, he was always the Greatest Dad.

About five years ago, this man who spoke little about his experiences in the South Pacific made a

Please see **A10**

Company reunion: Veteran wants to find fellow Ohio National Guardsmen before they're gone. **Page B1.**

Dying generation: Florida cemetery swamped with military funerals for World War II veterans. **Page A11.**

Tornadoes hit Ohio; four dead

Homes, barns damaged in region

Beacon Journal staff report

Tornadoes tore through northwest Ohio's farmland Sunday, leaving four dead and hitting parts of the Akron region with unusually violent weather for mid-November.

Strong winds hit southern Medina and northern Summit counties, collapsing at least one home and temporarily trapping three people in Twinsburg. In Macedonia, at least 20 homes were uninhabitable after the storm hit.

Thousands were left without power as the storms swept east through Ohio in the late afternoon, but the series of violent storms spared most of the Greater Akron area.

In Macedonia, one home was destroyed in the city's northeast section, said Mayor Barbara Kornuc. She wasn't aware of any injuries.

Several homes were evacuated because of reported gas leaks, Kornuc said. Downed trees and power lines littered the streets, creating an obstacle course for drivers.

Five families gathered at the city's recreation center on East Aurora Road, awaiting word on whether they would return to their homes or be placed in a motel. By late Sunday night, all the gas leaks but one were secured, Kornuc said.

Kornuc said she couldn't remember a storm so powerful in the city's recent history.

Neither could Rich Ignasiak, whose home on Iroquois Run sustained minor damage.

"I was walking into the kitchen and then all of a sudden I saw sparks in the sky," he said while standing in the front yard, surveying the damage. "Then I heard breaking glass and looked at my patio. My patio furniture was broken to pieces."

In nearby Twinsburg, Mayor Katherine Procop said it appeared a tornado touched down, based on the extent of damage.

The American Red Cross set up an emergency center at Twinsburg's high school for displaced residents, but no one had taken advantage of that help as of 8 p.m.

Procop said several homes

Please see **Storm, A12**

WEATHER OUTLOOK

See what the weather will be like the rest of the week. **Page B10.**

Viewers informed, almost to a fault

Coverage does everyone service; one-upmanship is laughable after a while

Drama on a football field gave way to weather warnings early Sunday evening.

WJW (Channel 8) cut into Fox's telecast of the Pittsburgh Steelers-Atlanta Falcons game for a weather update even though there was only one second remaining in overtime, with the Steelers about to take one last, desperate shot at victory.

Viewers did not see the final play – and the resulting tie – until Fox replayed it almost seven minutes later. In between, viewers got a weather update running more than four minutes and a commercial break.



R.D. **HELDENFELS**

And that was just a piece of about 3½ hours of weather coverage by local and national newscasts.

As has become ever more common with exciting weather events, local stations followed Sunday's tornado threats extensively in local cut-ins, crawls and graphics, even interrupting prime-time programs last night.

Early Sunday evening, live weather reports were airing on six television stations: WKYC (Channel 3), WEWS (Channel 5), Channel 8, WOIO (Channel

Please see **Coverage, A12**

'Secrets' out – new Potter movie spellbinding

Northeast Ohio preview enchants children of all ages. Film opens Friday

For an afternoon, muggles – nonmagical folks – dressed in the guise of witches and wizards and enjoyed the first peek of the new Harry Potter movie in Richmond Heights. Judging from the response, Potter hasn't lost any of his magic.

"I thought the movie was better than the first," said Robin Bennett, 34, of Munroe Falls, who confesses to being as much a Potter fan as her daughter. "It was exciting like the book."

Sean Bacola, 37, attended *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* with Bennett and echoed her thoughts, but provided a different perspective.

"I haven't read any of the book, but I'm a film buff and enjoy movies as a pure form of entertainment," he said. "It was really neat to see some of the classic actors – Richard Harris, Maggie Smith and Kenneth Branagh – doing roles that were out of sorts."

GEORGE **THOMAS**

As much as Warner Bros., the studio that's releasing the Harry Potter movies, would like to see adults in attendance, at its heart, this is a children's movie based on a

Please see **Potter, A12**

Inside

Arts&Living **E1-7**
Business **D1-5**
Jewell Cardwell **B1**
Classified **F1-12**
Comics **E4,5**
Dear Abby **E4**
Deaths **B8,9**
Editorials **B2**
Local News **B1-10**
Lottery **A2**
Movies **E3**
Nation Briefs **A13**
Scene **E1**
Sports **C1-9**
TV Listings **E7**
Wired Life **D3**
World Briefs **A13**
Mary Worth **F3**

Government offices closed Veterans Day

Many banks and government offices will be closed for the observance of Veterans Day today, although most stores will be open.

Post offices will be closed, and there will be no mail delivery.

Malvo's team wants statements withheld

Defense attorneys said Sunday that they will seek to suppress a police interrogation of sniper suspect John Lee Malvo, 17, in which he reportedly confessed to some of the shootings.

The Washington Post reported Sunday that Malvo admitted pulling the trigger on several of the shootings.

Discovery could help treat sickle cell pain

Researchers have found a link between the release from malformed red blood cells of the vital protein that carries oxygen and episodes of severe pain in people with sickle cell disease.

Breathing nitric oxide, a chemical that helps regulate blood pressure, may help sickle cell patients with their pain.

Today's weather

Mostly cloudy

52° High **34°** Low

NewsChannel 5 forecast, Page B8

›KNIGHT RIDDER›

INFORMATION FOR LIFE

A daughter shares her hero's WWII story

A father's Guadalcanal diary



Marine relates Pacific battle trials, strain

This bombing is really getting on my nerves.
Pvt. Donald B. Study,
U.S. Marine Corps,
Guadalcanal Island,
Aug. 29, 1942

By Kimberly Drezdzon
Beacon Journal staff writer

Pvt. Study was 21 when he wrote these words. He was 21 when he made history as part of the United States' first offensive strike of World War II. Twenty-one when he landed on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands and helped to start a "battle" that lasted six months, ending in a crucial victory for the Allied forces in the Pacific.

This former draftsman for International Harvester Co. fought the enemy, mosquitoes, heat, rain and malaria. He survived and eventually came home. He married and had two children.

People say he was part of the Greatest Generation. To me, he was always the Greatest Dad.

About five years ago, this man who spoke little about his experiences in the South Pacific made a

Please see **A10**



MIKE CARDEW/Akron Beacon Journal

A photo of Pvt. Donald B. Study, his Guadalcanal patch and medals rest on his journal. Above left, Study poses circa 1943 in his dress blues with the patch on his shoulder.

Company reunion: Veteran wants to find fellow Ohio National Guardsmen before they're gone. **Page B1.**

Dying generation: Florida cemetery swamped with military funerals for World War II veterans. **Page A11.**

Pvt. Study sets sail from San Francisco

Events quickly turn serious for Marines

Continued from Page A1

display case with green felt and dark wood. There, along with his war medals and mementos, he mounted his watch, shattered by flying debris in battle, forever stopped at 2:39.

Last year, we lost our Marine hero at age 80, but to my surprise, he left behind a great gift: two handwritten journals from the war that included a day-by-day accounting of the Battle of Guadalcanal.

This is his story.

June 22, 1942

We put to sea at about 4:00 this afternoon. I had my last look at land for some time, I guess. A lot of the fellows are sick, but as yet I am OK.

Dad and his fellow Marines set sail from San Francisco on the MS John Erickson, a converted Swedish luxury liner, with no idea where they were going. My dad was always a great kidder and would tease the seasick Marines by eating large pickles and offering them to the others, who were already green.

The ship was jammed – and the weather was scorching hot. Dad tried to keep cool by sleeping on the deck, tying himself to a lifeboat platform to keep from rolling overboard.

The ship sailed to New Zealand, where there were some good times. Once, Dad and two buddies sneaked off the ship to get something to eat. Sure enough, an officer walked into the restaurant and caught them. They were lucky to get only extra watch duty. Still feeling adventurous, they sneaked off the ship the next night. A few days later, they were at it again, this time to go horseback riding.

But soon, it was time to get serious again. My father's group of Marines was transferred to the USS Charles Heywood.

July 21

Captain Stiles said we would be under fire in two weeks, and he said it would not be play, that we were moving in on the Japs. I guess we will get a little excitement before long. . . . All liberty is cancelled and there are a lot of war ships in the bay.

The convoy grew to about 50 ships, and the Marines were told of their mission. Their D-Day was set for Aug. 7.

July 30

We got all the dope on the island we are to attack on the 7th of Aug. We are to take care of the middle of the island, we are to establish a beach head and hold it. They said there are Head Hunters on the island and the grass is 10 feet tall and there are a lot of sharks in the water around it. We didn't make a practice landing party as we were supposed to so I guess the first landing I make will be underfire.

Headhunters? Sharks? I can't imagine their fear.

The goal was to gain control of an airstrip that the Japanese had almost completed. Although Allied commanders believed their forces needed more training, there was no more time. The enemy had to be stopped.

The attack began with strikes by Allied planes to clear the way for the 1st Marine Division.

Aug. 7

A day I will long remember. We got up at 3:00 and went to breakfast, and as soon as it was light, I went on deck and watched the planes bomb and the ships shell one island after another. You could see the planes machine gun the coast line. There was little resistance made against us in the morning. The (Marine Corps) Raiders went ashore and then the paratroops. Then (they) moved on to an island where the 5th is supposed to have taken over and D company went ashore except for some working parties, which I am on.

The Japanese were caught by surprise as 11,000 Marines hit the beach. The enemy quickly retreated into the jungle, leaving behind their equipment and supplies. But the Japanese struck back from the air, meaning those still on the Allied ships were easy targets.

Aug. 7

Just as D company was going over (to shore), some Jap bombers were sighted. I saw a cruiser shoot down one, and the ship dropped a lot of bombs around. Some of them lit pretty close to the ship I am on. The raid didn't last very long, and we started to work unloading the ship. They shot down 2 Jap bombers in that raid. A little while later, there was another raid, but the U.S. fighter planes picked up the Japs and shot down 5 of them in just a few minutes. . . . We worked most of the night. I sure wish we could go ashore. I don't care to be out on this ship when they are bombing. I would rather have solid ground under my feet.

My dad's fears were realized when, in the early morning hours of Aug. 9, the Japanese surprised the Allies under cover of darkness, dealing the American Navy a crushing defeat. The Japanese did not lose a ship, but four Allied heavy cruisers were sunk or damaged. More than 1,000 Americans and Australians died, with hundreds more wounded.

Dad's ship survived, and he got his wish the next day when the ship's captain sent the rest of the Marines ashore. "Solid ground," however, would prove to be pretty shaky.

Fearing more air attacks, Allied commanders decided to withdraw the U.S. carriers – even though much of the cargo remained onboard. The Marines were left unprotected.

So two days after the first landing, the Marines had only about a month's supply of food and ammunition – and no idea when help or reinforcements would arrive.

The Marines had to dig in and protect their biggest asset: the airfield. Dad was part of the 1st Engineer Battalion assigned to it.



Associated Press

U.S. Marines in full battle gear jump from their landing craft and charge ashore at Guadalcanal during an early phase of the U.S. offensive in the Solomon Islands during World War II.



Study family photo

Donald Study in 1942 during his service in the Marine Corps. He was 21 when he landed on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands, where the Allies won a crucial victory during World War II.

Aug. 10

We worked on an airport today and we had two air raid alarms. They have loads of Jap equipment that they took from the Japs. When they left for the hills, they didn't have time to destroy much of anything, I have been smoking their cigarettes all day.

Most of the Marines' construction equipment was still on the ships – so they made use of what the Japanese left behind, although it was old.

Many Marines were overcome by the heat and lack of food. They were allowed to have only two meals a day, and had to eat the Japanese food they found. This meant rice, rice and more rice, some of which was infested by worms and other bugs.

After the war, Dad never would eat rice again. Once at a dinner party, he told the story of why he hated rice, and then the apologetic hostess brought out a rice dish. He was embarrassed, but they all had a good laugh.

Aug. 17

Worked on an air field, and I think we have it done. . . . Had a hard rain, and I stood out in it and got washed off good. We were issued some Jap Beer this evening, and I drank my share and another fellow's.

Each day, the Marines worked on the airfield to get it ready for the Allied planes. Air raids interrupted work several times a day, and the Marines had to dive into foxholes. The Japanese would bomb, and the Marines would repair and rebuild the airfield in what was a dangerous – and seemingly endless – cycle.

Aug. 18

This is a day I would like to forget, but I am afraid I cannot. We worked on the runway of the air field today, and about three o'clock 8 Jap bombers came over and dropped bombs on the air field. We didn't get the warning till they were right over us, so some of the fellows didn't get to the bomb shelters. I dove in an old bomb hole and stayed there till they let up for a minute, then I ran to a bomb shelter. When the raid was over, I went out and looked and a bomb had gone off about 30 or 35 feet from the hole I was in. A good friend of mine was killed by one of the bombs. A couple of the other fellows were hurt but not so awful bad. A few of the bombs lit in the runway, so we are going to have to fill it in over again.

Finally, Allied fighter planes landed at Henderson Field.

Aug. 20

Worked on the airport most of the day. The planes came in about 4:00. There were 31 dive bombers and fighters. They sure looked good.

Dad's group found itself with other assignments, including nerve-racking jungle patrols. Everyone would jump in fear if someone even coughed.

As the Japanese launched a major attack on the nearby island of Tenaru on Aug. 21, Dad found himself chopping paths through the jungle, never knowing if an enemy sniper was ahead. And the Japanese continued their airstrikes. I can't begin to detail all the narrow escapes, the hours, and sometimes days, in foxholes with bombs dropping all around.

Sept. 2

We had a mail call for the first time since we left the states. I got 11 letters and a check from (International Harvester). It sure was swell to hear from home.

Sept. 4

I got another pair of pants today. I have worn the same ones since about the second day we landed, so it sure feels swell to have a clean pair of pants.

Sept. 5

It has been just a little over 4 weeks since we landed, but I think I have aged about 40 years.

The conditions in the jungle seemed unlivable. It rained most of the time, the ground was a swamp in most areas, and the Marines were rarely dry. Many suffered from exotic infections in their feet.

Dad saved one pair of pants just to sleep in when he could find a dry place. He had to try to rest among giant insects. Many years later, he would have a daughter who couldn't sleep with even one mosquito in the room.

Sept. 9

Boy what I would give for a night's sleep in a bed. The mosquitos are terrible. They try and drag you out from under your blankets.

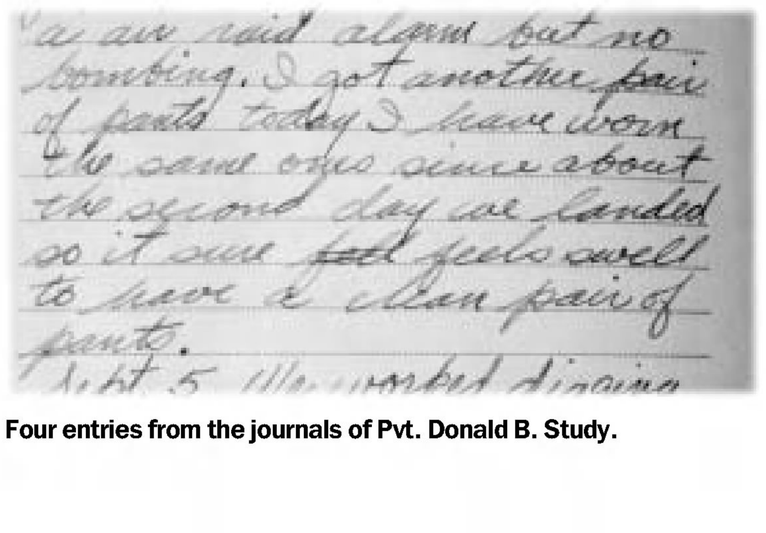
Dad's group began to build another bomb shelter near the airfield. Work was interrupted by another air raid, killing 11 Marines and wounding several.

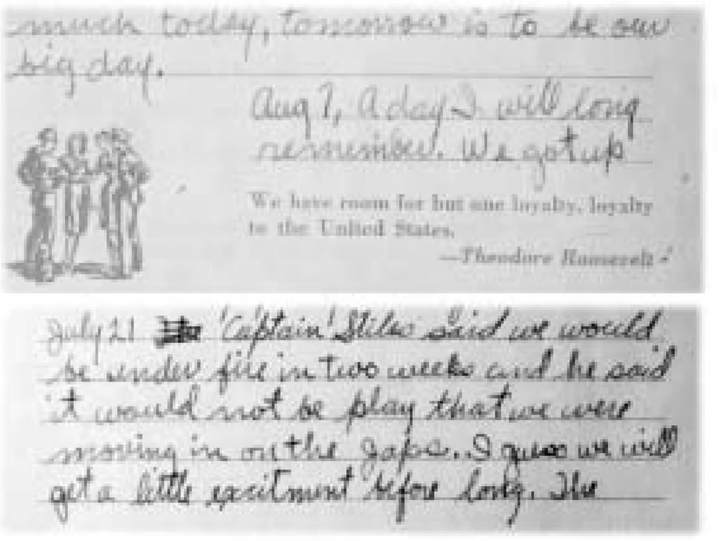
Sept. 11

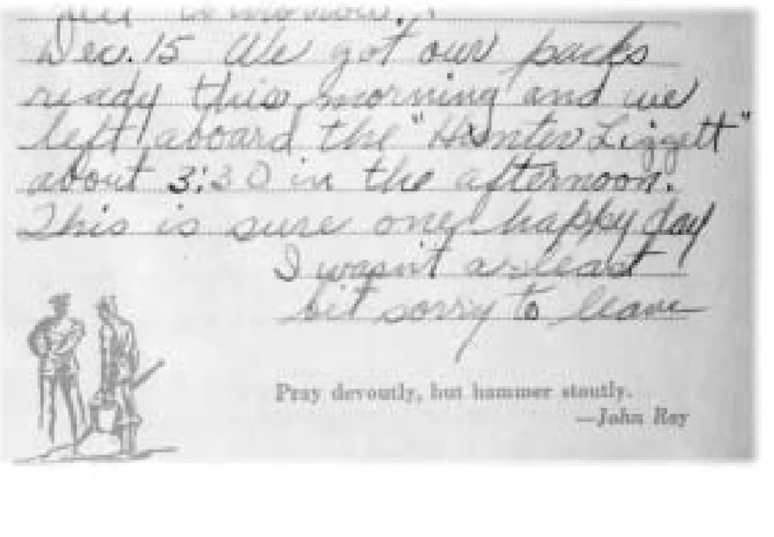
Finished the bomb shelter just in time to get in it during an air raid. We had two air raids today and some of the bombs from the last bunch hit around our area. I think there were three killed and about 7 or 8 injured in (his unit) alone. This kind of stuff kind of gets on a fellow's nerves. I sure would like a rest from every day air raids. . . . I think 5 (U.S.) army fighter planes came in today. I sure hope so because we only have about 7 left. We are all digging down a little deeper after today's raid.

Supplies started coming in, and the Marines finally could eat three meals a day. Dad found himself in a working party on the beach, with a front-row seat for dogfights over the ocean.

Please see A11







Four entries from the journals of Pvt. Donald B. Study.

Taps plays for soldiers of dying 'greatest generation'

Florida cemetery swamped by large number of military funerals for World War II veterans

By Mitch Stacy
Associated Press

BUSHNELL, FLA.: Three gray-haired men point their military rifles skyward and squeeze off shots that echo through the soaring oak trees of the Withlacoochee State Forest.

Two other members of the volunteer honor guard ceremoniously fold an American flag and snap to a salute during taps. They stand by as the casket bearing yet another military veteran is wheeled off for burial in the vast Florida National Cemetery.

The men have time only for small talk before the next casket and next group of mourners arrives. Then they'll do it all over again. And again. And again.

At six special shelters on the cemetery grounds, 60 miles north of Tampa in Sumter County, full military funerals often happen simultaneously, all day long. About 30 are held every weekday. On Tuesday, the day after Veterans Day, more than 40 are scheduled.

More often than ever, the caskets hold World War II veterans, who are now dying at the rate of about 1,000 a day in America, according to federal estimates.

"Sometimes it gets to you," says Al Williams, 74, a veteran of World War II and the Korean War whose honor guard does as many as five funerals a day. "I've lost a lot of friends."

The constant activity at the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs cemetery is a grim reminder of just how fast an entire generation is disappearing. And because so many veterans spend their retirements in Florida, the cemetery in Bushnell is filling up rapidly with the familiar white grave markers.

Census figures from 2000 showed that World War II veterans living in Florida died at a rate of about 50 a day during the 1990s, thinning their numbers by almost 27 percent. They used to make up the bulk of the membership in the Disabled American Veterans in Florida; now they account for just 40 percent.

"It's sad that a lot of history is not going to be here in the next 15 or 20 years," said John Heufel, chaplain of the Dade City Veterans of Foreign Wars post.

Across the nation, funeral services for veterans are performed by military personnel, veterans groups or a mix. At a minimum, eligible veterans are due a flag presentation and taps from military representatives. Eleven national cemeteries out of 120 have their own volunteer honor guard, according to the VA.

The Bushnell cemetery, opened in 1988, has become the final resting place for more than 58,000 veterans and family members. It's now among the most active in the country.

"They're coming through these gates from the time we start in the morning until we finish at 2:30 (p.m.)," cemetery Director Billy D. Murphy said. "They're constantly coming in."

The VA estimates that 2008 will be the peak year for national cemeteries – in other words, most World War II and Korean War vets will be gone after that.

Troops get 3 meals daily as supplies arrive

Marines battle Japanese at Bloody Ridge

Continued from Page A10

Sept. 12

We were out on the beach when the fighters got after the bombers. It was really a show. I could not put into words to put it in here. It was just like a movie to see the fighters dive on the Japs and see the Japs go down in flames.

Next came the infamous Battle of Bloody Ridge, a key victory for the United States on the ground.

Sept. 13

We got the word that we were to move out and go up in the hills and fight with the (Marine) raiders, so we will probably see some action tonight. I cleaned my rifle and have some extra amo and two hand grenades, so I am ready I guess.

Sept. 14

We started to move out. . . . We got almost out when the planes came over, so we had to hit the deck while they fired all around us. When we got back we were told Japs had got through to our company area, so we started back to clean them out. We thought there would be just some snipers (but) they opened fire on us with automatic rifles and hit several of our fellows, but not so bad. Then they started up a machine gun on us. Things were really hot for a while. A squad went back with hand grenades to try and blast them out. Cpl. Pratt didn't come back, and several other fellows got hit, but they got some of the Japs. . . . We came back out, were issued more hand grenades and formed a line and went through, but the Japs had withdrawn. They had torn down my tent and had gone through my pack and stole my cigarettes.

My 9-year-old son, Matthew, has asked me if his grandpa ever had to kill anyone in the war – but I really don't know. When Dad wrote about going out with his unit and encountering the Japanese, he would write only "the Rising Sun Set" to indicate that the enemy had been killed.

Sept. 15

We put out a squad on watch, and while we were on watch, a Jap sniper tried to get through our squad and the Rising Sun Set for another Jap. . . . I was eating supper when another Jap sniper was spied; some other fellows and I went out and again the Rising Sun Set.

Sept. 16

We are standing watch with the 11th again tonight. A few Japs got through to where we were and they came up within a few feet but we couldn't see them to fire at. We had to stay awake most of the night with fixed bayonet. That is Night Jungle Warfare.

After five weeks of battle, reinforcements from the 7th Marines arrived. The newcomers apparently had much to learn.

Sept. 20

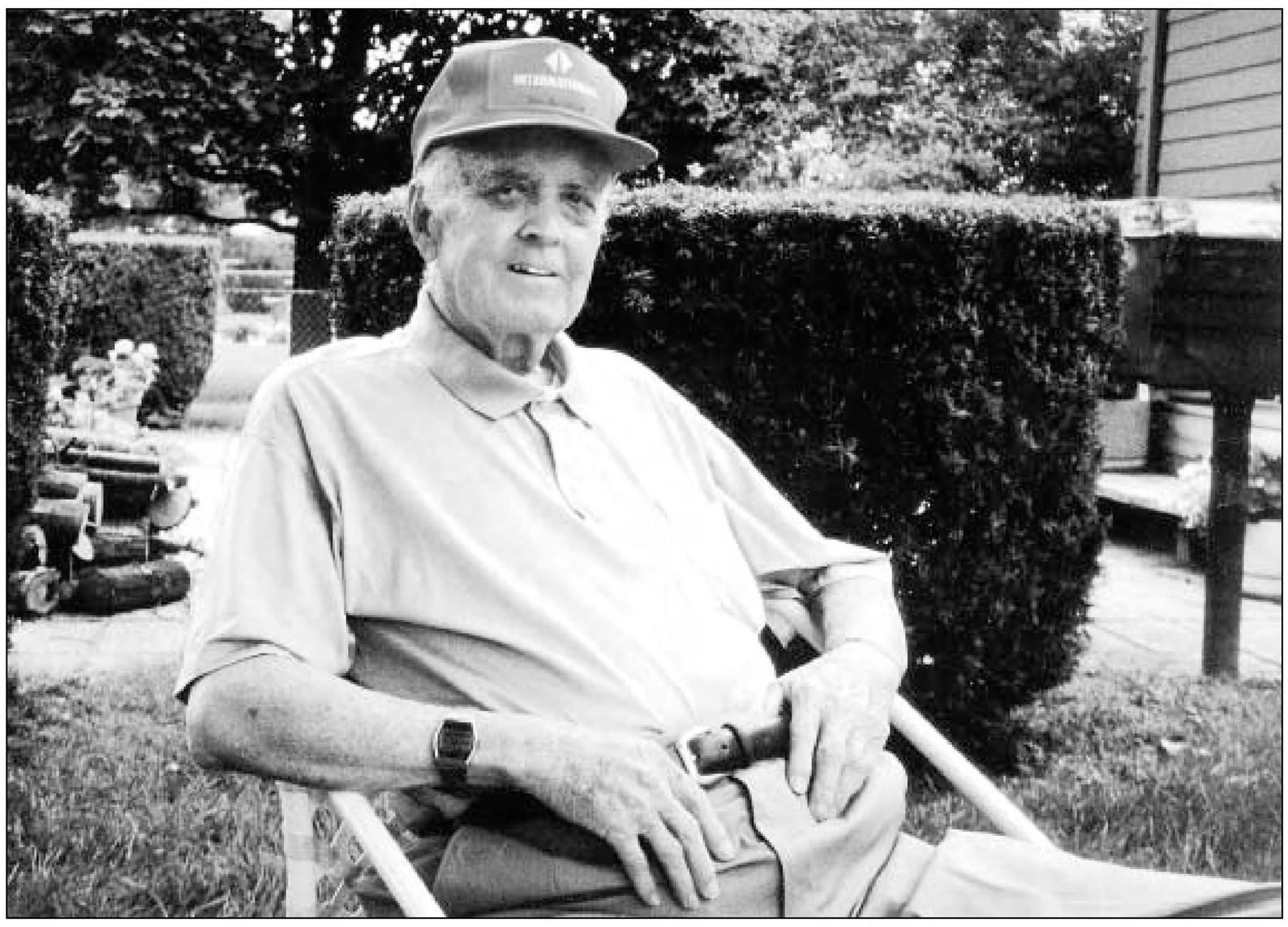
The Marines who landed here the other day are staying around us, and they sure are trigger happy at night.

But at last, Dad's group was moved out of the jungle and onto the beach at a new post.

Sept. 22

It sure seems swell to get out in the open out of the Jungle. If they don't shell us, this should be a swell location.

On the beach, they were able to make themselves a little more comfortable. They managed to build a floor for their tent in the never-ending quest to get dry, and he even hung some pictures.



Donald Study at age 76 at his home in Fort Wayne, Ind. Once he got home from his service in the war, he never traveled abroad again. He died last year at 80, but left behind two journals of his wartime experiences.



Study family photo

Donald Study in May 1942 in New River, N.C., near a Marine Corps base. His parents were visiting him a month before he shipped out.

The men were able to swim a bit, climb trees to get coconuts and catch fish to eat. They painted their tents in hope of not being seen from the air.

Sept. 24

Boy what a life this would be in peace time here on a south sea island.

Oct. 13

Well at last some of the army has come in. They sure got a hot reception with two air raids. They (the bombers) hit the runway, but the navy construction workers had it fixed in a short time.

The Japanese began to step up their attack, again shelling the airport with artillery.

Oct. 15

We were shelled again last night, but it didn't last so long, so I guess our ships took it to them. . . . We had a condition red at 6:30 this morning. This is getting trying on a fellow's nerves.

Oct. 17

The Cleveland air show had nothing on Guadalcanal this morning, our fighters contacted some bombers and zeros out over the bay, we had a ringside seat here on the beach.

Dad's group received a new assignment – to head to the front lines and build bridges.

Oct. 22

We worked in our area building a pontoon bridge in sections most of the day. "Hillside Harry" shelled us most of the day, and some of them hit pretty close . . . but no one was hurt. "Hillside Harry" is the name we have given the Japs back in the hills that have a big gun that they shell us with.

A few days later, Dad's unit had to leave the beach "paradise" to go back to the jungle – and back into the line of fire.

Oct. 25

While we were crossing the air field a bunch of zeros flew over and our fighters took after them. We saw a lot more dog fights from holes around the airfield that we took shelter in. Some of the Jap planes came over close, we could see the red sun on the wing.

His unit returned to the beach a day or so later. They went back and forth to work on the bridges (amid constant threat of snipers) and guard them.

Nov. 2

I went out to work on a bridge on the front lines, there were a few snipers, but as usual they couldn't hit the side of a barn.

A new enemy emerged: malaria. It's a miserable disease, spread by mosquitoes, that sends the sufferer from high fever to chills and back again. There was no cure, and each victim had to hope he'd get through it with quinine pills. Duty was not reduced unless a Marine had a fever higher than 103.

Nov. 7

About everybody has Malaria Fever, but as yet I feel OK.

There was finally some hope of escape from the hated island.

Nov. 12

The army has landed, they started this morning so I guess they will keep on coming in, so maybe we will get off this place before long.

The Japanese again attacked in what became known as the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, which lasted three days. Japanese aircraft attacked the U.S. transports off Guadalcanal, and bombed Henderson Field again. On the 15th, the naval battle finally ended when Allied battleships and destroyers turned back a large Japanese naval group. Dad again had another ringside seat.



Study Family photo

Pvt. Donald B. Study around 1942. Study on one occasion wrote that the Japanese stole cigarettes from his tent.

Nov. 13

There was a big sea battle last night. We could see the gunfire and star shells and a flare every now and then. I saw some sailors from one of our ships that was sunk.

Nov. 15

We could see a sea battle going on last night, so I guess the navy and our torpedo boats took care of the Japs because we had a quiet night on shore. . . . 3 Jap transports came in way down the beach but were on fire in a few minutes, so I don't think many of them landed.

Amid all the bombing and close calls, my father's only injuries occurred when he cut his hand on a can of rations and when someone slammed his hand in a truck door. But he came down with malaria, which he would fight for many years.

Nov. 23

I didn't feel good today. Doc said he thought I had malaria.

And of course, the Japanese had not given up.

Nov. 28

One of the ships in the bay was hit by a torpedo, and they beached it right in front of us. It has been burning most of the day. . . . We had turkey with all the trimmings, and boy was it good, we also got candy and an orange. I am really full, they had plenty!!

Dec. 3

I have been in the Marine Corps for 10 months yesterday, there has sure been a lot of things happen in that 10 months that I will never forget.

Then, a gift came from an unknown ship that had been hit in the bay.

Dec. 4

We swam out and pulled in some boxes we saw floating in the ocean, and they had ham and bacon in them. We took most of it to the galley, but we cooked some and it sure tasted good.

Thousands of Marines continued to fight malaria. It was clear to those in charge that these island veterans needed to get out of the jungle and off the island to recover. But a few more nights of misery were ahead.

Dec. 10

We were told to strike our tents, we were moving to a new area and we would be there till we moved out, which will be in just a few days. That was the best news we have had in several days.

Dec. 11

It rained last night and we slept in about 4 inches of water, so today we are going to build our tent up off the ground a ways.



Kim Drezdon

After more than four months, Dad and his unit finally left Guadalcanal. As they set sail, it was no fond farewell to Iron Bottom Sound, so named because of all the ships sunk in battle.

Dec. 15

We got our packs ready this morning, and we left aboard the (USS) "Hunter Liggett" about 3:30 in the afternoon. This is sure one happy day. I wasn't a least bit sorry to leave Guadalcanal. I have no idea as to where we are going as yet, but the "skuttlebutt" is Australia.

Dad indeed was on his way to Australia, where the 1st Marines would get a much-earned rest before their next assignment. They were awarded a Presidential Unit Citation.

Those still on Guadalcanal continued the battle until the Japanese began to evacuate on Feb. 1, 1943. On Feb. 9, Guadalcanal was declared secure, boosting spirits among the Allied troops and people at home. A battle that many top military officials had thought to be a lost cause before the Marines even landed in August had been won.

As my dad often said: Never underestimate the Marines. He ended the first of his two-volume journal in 1943 with this entry:

Well, I will bring this book to a close and start on book 2 of my life in the service. There are a lot of things that happened that I didn't put in here, but I am afraid I will never forget those things anyway. I hope whoever reads this book enjoys it as much as I did writing it. These are the actual facts of what happened to me between Aug. 7 and Dec. 15 on Guadalcanal.

After the war, my father returned to his home in Indiana with the rank of corporal. He never wanted to travel outside the United States again. There are plenty of things to see here, he always said.

He couldn't have guessed what his 60-year-old journals mean to me now, a new link with a much-missed father.

I hope his story reminds everyone of those who fought so bravely in World War II. Each day, lessons are lost as more veterans die. To them, we need to say thanks, and we need to learn of their experiences and pass along their stories to future generations.

When my son is older, I certainly will let him read his grandfather's journals.

I choose to believe that Dad is reading this over my shoulder. To him, and the other brave Marines from Guadalcanal, I say:

Semper Fi. Always faithful.

Kimberly Drezdzon has been a sportswriter and copy editor at the Beacon Journal since 1988. Messages for her may be sent to kdrezdzon@thebeaconjournal.com

Reader advisory

Editor's note: Excerpts from the war diary of Pvt. Donald B. Study were reprinted verbatim and include terminology from the World War II era that some people might find offensive today.